

Judge Hoke and Sandy Bend Justice

He Tells of the Case of Steve Taylor and How It Had Tried His Soul.

[Copyright, 1906, by R. Douglas.]
"I wish to explain to this crowd," said Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as court was duly opened, "that I'm not feeling well today. I'm feeling homesick; I'm feeling lonesome; I'm feeling as if there was nuthin' more to live for on this terrestrial globe of ours. I won't deny that as I sat in the Red Dog saloon half an hour since (the Red Dog belongs to this yere court and is the leadin' saloon for a hundred miles



"GIT OFF'N YER CRITTER AND HOLD UP YER HANDS!"

around) that was tears in my eyes, and I wondered if the reputation which old Wyoming has been a hundred years in buildin' up was to go to smash in a day.

"My friends, I have seen men and women die. I have seen innocent babies have a fit and go sailin' away on angels' wings. I have seen the lightning bolt tear down mountains and the awful cyclone level forests. I have heard a Digger Indian who had been bit by a rattlesnake call upon heaven to save him, and I have seen a Chinaman who had taken carbolic acid writhe upon the ground like a serpent. I have held the hand of an old man as he died, and I have smoothed the brow of a woman as the death rattle sounded in her throat.

"Don't let any human hyenas in this courtroom make a mistake on me. For twenty years I've been a resident of Sandy Bend, doin' my level best to uphold the honor and dignity of this sovereign commonwealth. For the last five years I've been a justice of the peace in and for the four counties of Ace High, Crippled Dog, Blind Hoss and Hell Bent, and I reckon you'll all agree that my great object has been to uphold the glorious reputation left behind by our forefathers. I've not only been keenful to mete out justice, but to let all my decisions redound to the credit of the goddess with a handkerchief over her eyes and a pair of scales in her hands.

"What happened three days ago? Gentlemen, gaze on Steve Taylor over thar and let your souls wonder if such things can be in this enlightened century; also, gaze on Bill Whiting, on the other hand, and let them same souls o' yours play tag around this courthouse and bring up all a-standin' agin the front door. Steve Taylor has been among us for two years. He carries two guns, and he has given everybody to understand that the 'leven notches cut into the stock represented the 'leven men he removed from airth while dwellin' in New Mexico. I can't say that any of us have been afraid of him, but we have gazed on those notches and been sorter keerful not to graze him with our elbows as we passed. When he has asked for credit at the Red Dog I have smilingly given it to him; not because I thought he'd ever squar' up, but because I didn't want to seem to doubt his story about them 'leven men sleepin' under the side of a distant territory.

"On one occasion, and that wasn't long ago, when Steve was one in a five handed game of poker and raked in a big pot on what he said was a straight, some of us knew that he was mistaken. It wasn't that we was afraid that we didn't tell him so, but he seemed so happy that night that we concluded not to upset him.

"As to Bill Whiting, he's been hangin' around for only a few months, but he was sized up from the very first as a chump and a dub. As thar anybody present in this courtroom who hasn't give him the boot? Is thar a Chinaman in this town who hasn't bounced him around? If your gorge rises and your souls palpitate as you look the pair over I shan't blame you.

"Three days ago, as we all know, Steve, the killer of 'leven men, sot out on his broncho for Antelope hills. He had a tent and blankets and grub along. He was goin' to search for gold in the Antelopes, and he got as many as five free drinks before he finally started. Them guns o' his was chuck up with cartridges, and he must have had a boundin' of the heart as his gallant steed ambled along with him.

Little did we think as we stood in front of the Red Dog and saw him disappear around the first bend in the trail that he was the one man of all who'd soon cast a slur on the name of old Wyoming so deep and broad and long that it will take a hundred years to wash it out. If I speak with emotion and with tears in my eyes wait and see if I'm not justified.

"Yes, Steve Taylor rode away like a cavalier of old, and nobody looked around to see whether Bill Whiting was among us or not. He wasn't, however. He was sloshin' around up the Antelope trail and waitin' to do business with Steve. Bimeby Steve gets up to him. His boss was amblin' and his guns was a-showin' them 'leven notches. Bill has a stick in his hands. Steve says it looked like a gun to him. Mebbe it did, but it wouldn't have looked that way to a man with a grain of sand in his gizzard. Bill gets up as Steve comes along and sings out:

"Hello, Steve, but I want ye to do me a little favor."

"And what might that be?" asks Steve.

"Git off'n yer critter and hold up yer hands."

"Yer can't mean it?"

"But I do. I'll give ye jest five seconds."

"With that Bill p'int his stick and Steve climbs down. Oh, my soul, but think of it! A critter with 'leven notches in the butts of his guns climb down and makin' a fool of himself because a dry stick is p'inted at him! Bill takes them guns away, robs him of \$10 in cash and then mounts the broncho and rides off. Steve gives him a good start and then follows along, and jest as night is settin' in he overhauls the robber. Does he jump in and try to capture him? Does he, even when he knows Bill is asleep, creep up and try to get hold of the guns?

"I'll tell you what he does. He waits till 10 o'clock and then creeps up and begs of Bill to give him back some of his property. Bill invites him into the tent to eat a cold bite and talk it over, and though the guns are lyin' scattered around Steve don't pick one up and turn the tables. He jest sits thar and begs and whines and coaxes until he is booted forth. Excuse these tears. Excuse this sweat on my marble brow. Excuse me that I'm alive instead of a victim of suicide.

"Steve Taylor travels the rest of the night on foot, headed for Sandy Bend. He arrives here at 8 o'clock yesterday mornin' and calls at the Red Dog saloon to wake me up and to say:

"Jedge Hoke, I want justice."

"What sort o' justice?" says I, wonderin' if I'd heard aright.

"The reglar sort. I've been held up by Bill Whiting and robbed of my all, and I want him punished by the law."

"Think of it! Think of it!" groaned the judge as he looked around the courtroom. "A man as has been held up by a man with a stick, as has had chance after chance of getting hold of his guns again, as knowed Bill Whiting for a chump, to come to me and holler for justice! If 10,000 of ye leave this territory tomorrow with shame and humiliation in your faces I shan't blame ye. I struggled with Steve for an hour. I made him understand what was at stake, but it was no use. He wanted justice and nuthin' else, and I issued a warrant for Bill, and the constable bring him in last night. He's sittin' here before us as peart as a jackass rabbit on a June mornin', and from that grin on his face I'm judgin' that he means to plead guilty. How is it, Bill?"

"I held him up and went through him right 'nuff."

"Just listen to that! Was ever such a thing heard of on the face of this airth before?"

"He pleads guilty, your honor," mumbled the victim.

"Yes, durn his hide, he does, but he knows my feelin's in the matter. I could try, convict and send him to prison for five years, but am I goin' to do it? No; a thousand times, no! I'm goin' to throw the case out of court and him on top of it, and if he don't know 'nuff to get a hundred miles away in the next three days then we'll set him down for a fool. As for you, Steve Taylor, as for the man who has shamed and humiliated every squar' man west of the Mississippi and stabbed justice herself to the heart, you will be took outdoors, given the boot by every man in Sandy Bend wearin' boots and then headed up the trail and started on the run. It hain't law, but it's what you hanker for—justice."

"Constable, adjourn the court and remove the condemned." M. QUAD.

What He Thought.



Visitor—Your wife wrote me that she would send her "drag" to meet me at the station.

Jones—Oh, that's all right. She meant me.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Way It Sounds.

Mrs. Ascum—Does that Miss Drumm next door own her piano or does she rent it? Mrs. Knox—Usually she rents it.—Philadelphia Press.

"Young married people," says a Chinese proverb, "should have their house built round so discontent can find no corner in it."

SPELLING REFORM.

The Phonetic Phenomena of the Word "Phenix."

They were talking about spelling reform and the idiosyncrasies of English spelling in general.

"There's that very word 'phonetic,'" said one of the men. "That's a sample of English spelling. The reformers call their system the 'phonetic system,' and yet they have to spell 'phonetic' with a 'pho' in order to let people know what they mean. The very word that means 'spelled as pronounced' is as far from it as possible."

"Now, now!" drawled his friend. "You're too hard on the good old English speller. You ought to be proud of 'phonetic.' Why, that word is so trimmed down and saved off and cut short that I wouldn't know it was English if I met it alone on a blank page. You ought to thank the language for that word. It is a beautiful word. That 'pho' might have been spelled like 'dough' and the 'net' like 'ette' in 'rosette' and the 'ic' like 'th' in 'liquor.' That would be a good old style English word—phoughnettele. But it is coming! Phonetic spelling is coming! Look at the word 'phenix.' It is spelled 'phenix' everywhere now, and I remember it always used to be 'phenix.' That 'o' has gone. That shows!"

"Nothing!" said the objector. "What does it show? That the phenix is a bird. Isn't the phenix a bird? Yes! Well, that round thing you say was an 'o' was an egg. That's all. 'Twas just an egg, and the phenix laid the egg. That's all."—Success Magazine.

THE ESKIMO.

He Has No Master and Is Absolutely Independent.

There are no chieftains in the Eskimo community. They all regard themselves as free men, with an equal right to hunt, fish, sleep and eat. Everybody shifts for himself. He is absolutely and unconditionally independent. His only ambition is to be a good hunter and to rear sons who will inherit his skill with lance and harpoon. He has helped himself against the elements for centuries, and the white man descending on his shores ostensibly to confer the blessings of civilization has never been able to improve his condition, but only to detract from the old time happiness and advantages of the aboriginal Eskimo community. The natural helpfulness of the Eskimo is the basis of the socialistic state in which he lives. He will risk his life to save that of another, even his enemy. He will share the spoils of the hunt with his neighbors. If his neighbor dies and his wife is left alone with children he will provide for her until she marries again. He does not slander or tell tales; he does not abuse any one, and he does not fight. He is a man of peace. He loves peace for its own sake, and his life is one long, laborious attempt at happiness for himself and his people.—Chicago Chronicle.

LEGAL NOTICES.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah. Eleanor Olmstead, plaintiff, vs. The Traders' Insurance Company, et al, defendants.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the above-entitled court in the above-entitled cause receiver for the State of Oregon, of the defendant, The Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago, Illinois, and that by order of the said court, all persons having claims, against the said defendant, The Traders' Insurance Company, arising on policies issued in Oregon, are required to present the same to the undersigned, at the address below given on or before the 31st day of October, 1906, and if not so presented, the same will not participate in the distribution of the funds of the said defendant company, in the hands of the receiver.

Notice is further given, that all return premiums will be computed from the 5th day of May, 1906, the date of the insolvency of the said The Traders' Insurance Company, and all policyholders of the said defendant company are urged to reinsure, if they have not already done so, and to present their claims properly verified promptly to the receiver with the surrender of their policies.

Forms for proofs of claims may be had from the receiver or from the former agents of the company.

A. H. BIRRELL, Receiver.

Address McKay Building, Portland, Oregon.

Dated June 25, 1906.

A. F. FLEGEL and

BEACH & SIMON,

Attorneys for Receiver. 7-10-06.

WOOD YARDS.

DRY MILL WOOD.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD—BOX WOOD from Humes Mill a specialty. Ben Ekos. Tel. Black 2436. 1828 38th street.

WOOD

Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 5191 Main, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

THE MORNING ASTORIAN QUICK RETURN COLUMNS

The supplying of any want that may arise in domestic or commercial life may be readily and quickly accomplished at a nominal cost by the publication of the want in the "Want Ad." columns of the Morning Astorian.

A necessity which may arise for buying or selling horses, carriages, furniture, pianos, real estate, sewing machines, bicycles, safes, watches, jewelry, typewriters, or thousands of other articles, can be met at once by the insertion of a suitable advertisement in the morning Astorian.

To secure help of any sort, or situation of any kind, to find lost articles, to secure board or boarders, lodging or lodgers, borrow money, obtain any kind of security; any of these wants may be supplied by using the "Want" columns of The Morning Astorian.

Rates For Classified or "Want" Advertisements

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Count Six Words to a Line.

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For the benefit of persons out of employment, ads under the head of "Situation Wanted" will be printed three days free of charge.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework in family of 2; must sleep at home. Inquire at Astorian. 7-17-06.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED DELIVERY man; one speaking Swedish and Norwegian language preferred; should also have a good acquaintance of East Astoria and Alderbrook. Apply to Ross, Higgins & Co.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED—POSITION AS CHAMBERMAID or doing general housework. Apply F. Astorian. 7-19-06.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—FISH BOAT AND NET. Inquire Warren Packing Co. 7-17-06.

MUSIC TEACHER.

WANTED—THREE MUSIC PUPILS. Inquire at Astorian office.

MANDOLIN LESSONS GIVEN—MRS. C. D. Stewart, 127 Seventh street.

UP-TO-DATE TAILORING.

A NEW AND FIRST-CLASS TAILORING establishment has been opened up in the Carson building, 566 Bond street near the Callander wharf. Suits to order at \$24 and up. Tailoring by a man with 15 years' experience, work guaranteed. Samples of the latest styles now on display. E. M. Heimo, proprietor.

BOARDING.

THE LEYDE.

Rooms with or without board; rates reasonable; good accommodation for transients. 14th and Commercial.

LAUNDRIES.

The Troy Laundry

The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.

10th and DUANE Sts., Phone 1991.

SEASIDE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lewis & Co., Druggists

Full line of drugs, souvenirs, stationery, confectionery and soda waters. Office of Dr. Lewis at drug store, Bridge street end of the bridge.

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A high class place for refreshments for ladies and gentlemen. B. J. CALLAHAN, Prop.

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CHAS. H. ABERCROMBIE,

Attorney-at-Law.

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F. D. WINTON,

Attorney-at-Law.

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524 Commercial St. Astoria Oregon.

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MRS. JULIUS DAVIS

(late of Portland)

Graduate Nurse Royal London (Eng.). Hospital. Maternity cases requested. Hammond. Oregon.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRECKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and

RESTAURANTS.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.

You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 612 Commercial St.

Parker House Oregon Restaurant

NEW, AND FIRST-CLASS DINING-ROOM. ALL THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Corner Ninth and Astor Streets.

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Fines Hotel in the Northwest. PORTLAND, ORE.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

THE SAVOY

Popular Concert Hall.

Good music. All are welcome. Corner Seventh and Astor.

Eagle Concert Hall

[320 Astor St.]

The leading amusement house.

Agency for Edison Phonographs and Gold Moulded Records.

P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

THE CHINOOK BAR

416 BOND ST.,

ASTORIA, OREGON

Carries the Finest Line of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

CALL AND SEE US

"PaleBohemian Lager Beer"

THE BEER FOR THE HEALTHY AND WISE

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